Independent Democrat.

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Volume 1. CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11, 1843. Number 22.

The Independent Democrat,

IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY JOHN HANDY.

TERMS.—*Three Dollars, invariably* in advance. Persons wishing to discontinue will please give notice thereof in writing

No subscription received for a less time than six months.

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From the N. Y. Morning Post.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

In his personal, Moral and Intellectual traits of character.

The characters of public men belong to the People not only for their service, but also for their love and admiration: nor can they ever justly comprehend the uses to which their public servants should be applied or the positions worthy of them, but from a personal and intimate view of their whole moral as well as intellectual characteristics. Splendid speeches, or exhibitions of profound thought may give the appearance of wisdom; but after all, it is the wisdom of the heart, and not that of the head only, which finds out Truth.—True statesmanship in a Republic, consists in carrying out into public affairs of the highest principles of right and justice; and to practice, or even discern these principles in the difficult affairs of Government, implies not only the greatest intellectual endowments, but the most exalted moral attributes. Hence the importance to the people, in selecting their agents for the administration of their affairs, if possible, to know them personally—to see the man in his social and domestic relations, as well as in the discharge of his public duties—and thus be enabled to judge of the patriotism of the statesman by his fidelity to duties nearer to him, as a parent, neighbor, friend. Our country, consisting of multitudes, is, comparatively speaking, an abstraction; but the objects around our hearth, and the beating bosoms in daily intercourse with us, will call out whatever virtues we possess, and it is difficult to believe that any exist for the former which are not disclosed in the latter relations. For these reasons we have thought it would be grateful to our readers, and expedient for ourselves—having long since announced our preference of John C. Calhoun as the next President of the United States—from the most authentic sources, to endeavor briefly to delineate the personal, moral, and intellectual characteristics of this distinguished statesman.

Because matter is not spirit, "the human face divine" can never fully represent the soul within; and, instead of an open window, it is but too often a thick veil to the bright intelligence and noble nature which fills our being. Few faces, however, more faithfully reveal the characteristics of the man, than that of the great Southern Senator. It is the of same cast, and strikingly resembles General Jackson's. The thin, hard pale features—jutting forehead—compressed resolute lips—deep, large eagle eyes, with his hair standing up—(if curled, it would deform him,) all contribute to place before us a high, stern, and beaming countenance. Yet, its light is not the light of passion—but, like the neatless rays of the diamond, seems to blaze with the intense energy of pure vehement intelligence. His body would seem to indicate original weakness—tall and spare, with high narrow shoulders, slightly stooping—but, by habits of temperance and industry, he has made it an admirable slave to his will, and capable of immense labor, physical and intellectual. Miss Martineau called him "the cast iron man," we suppose, from his stern and inflexible countenance, but steel wire is a far better simile for the toughened nerve and elasticity of his frame.

We have thus briefly described the personal appearance of Mr. Calhoun, because, although for more than a quarter of a century one of the greatest men of the Union, or the age, influencing public affairs at every turn, and repeatedly crowned with the highest honor the Republic can bestow, save one—he is probably less known personally to the people of the United States, than any of our distinguished statesmen. He has never breathed any atmosphere but that of the United States. He has never visted the North, we believe, since he was a law student at Litchfield in Connecticut. He has never been in the West. The truth is, neither his love of home nor his limited fortune, have allowed him to pursue any other paths than those of strict duty, and domestic happiness. From Washington, immediately at the close of every Congress, he hurries to his home, under the mountains of S. Carolina, and there devotes himself to his farm and his family.

Mr. Calhoun has often been called a theorist, an abstractionist, probably only by those who are incapable of comprehending any truths, but those on the surface of things; but a more practical man, one who more clearly comprehends the adaptation of means to ends, will hardly be found. In early life, his property lay in the middle and more fertile region of South Carolina, where it was impossible for him to raise his family, on account of its sickliness; and the habits of the community rendered large expenditures, in living, to one of his personal distinction, almost unavoidable. Intent on managing his own affairs, and rearing his children under his own eye in habits of frugality and virtue, he sold his lands in Abbeville District, and removed up to the healthy farming lands of Pendleton. Here he built his home; and if any one wishes to know the secret of his wonderful administration in the War Department whilst Secretary of War, let him go with Mr. Calhoun round his farm. None, however, but an enthusiast in cattle, bees, poultry, corn, &c., with a pair of well-trained legs under him, should attempt the enterprise. With his long stick in hand, and strides as long, he moves ahead, talking all the time, now on a beautiful theory of agriculture, then on a practical result—down in the corn field, up on the cotton hill, round the potatoe patch, through the rye-lot—here is a bubbling spring, there a prospect—turn the bull into the pasture, halloo to the poultry woman, see the grafts on the apple trees, hive those bees. If a hapless neophyte in these agricultural operations is left any sense, after five or six hours of hard driving, he will decline further courtesy, and take the shortest cut home. Or mount horses with him, he always insisting on taking the hardest going, and see his marvellous endurance of pommelling, under a hard jot-trot, without apparently feeling its dislocations—whilst prying round and round, he gives directions, hastens operations, and scours over the whole farm, talking and acting as if he had never thought of, or practised any thing else but the business of a farmer. It has been by such attention and industry, that he has established the reputation of being the most practical and successful farmer in the upper country, and, at the same time, has supported well, and educated his family. Like Pericles, he has never increased nor diminished his fortune. The gold mine, of which so much has been said in the papers, he became possessed of, by an act of parental kindness. His son bought the lands, despairing of making them profitable, the father took them off his hands.—He affords a rare specimen in our country, of one content throughout life with a competency in a cheap country, and has, therefore, avoided those temptations and speculations which have wrecked the fortunes and happiness of so many millions of our countrymen. The truth is, he has too clear and practical a head, not to know the true value of all property.

But let us enter the door at "Fort Hill," and see the man in his domestic habits.—His style of living is plain as possible.—Although no ascetic, he has not failed to perceive, that for the most efficient working and improvement of the mind, the body must be subjected; and the excessive indulgence in the grosser appetites, must lead to decay, and not only repress the virtues, but impede the highest growth of the intellectual powers. He is therefore habitually a water drinker, although no member of a temperance society, and eats anything, apparently but little regardful of the quality of his food, provided it is wholesome. A traveller once visited him at his farm, for a few days. Soon after his arrival, he was invited in to dinner, which consisted of bacon and its usual accompaniments of vegetables, white corn-bread and beautiful butter. "You see," he observed, "I am no epicure; indeed, I am a barbarian, according to the theory of civilization by some French philosophers, that it consists in what we eat. But to-morrow for your sake, we will do better." Accordingly, the next day brought a sumptuous feast. But it is not merely in disciplining himself to the strictest habits of sobriety, that his virtues consist. Self denial is a powerful, probably an indispensable auxiliary to virtue; but it is not necessarily virtue. Activity in good, as well as abstinence from evil, is essential in all our conceptions of the highest excellence in character. Such, at least, is the opinion of this distinguished man, speaking through his life. We have been informed, by one who has lived many years together in his family, and therefore in daily and hourly communication with him, that he never saw him in the slightest emotion of anger, or heard from him a harsh expression to a single creature beneath his roof. Always self possessed, patient, and kind, his gentle and affectionate nature mingles itself with the existence of all around him. He joys in the instruction, pleasures, and amusements of all; by his presence, chastening, yet by his cheerfulness, heightening and exhilarating their happiness.—That equanimity and buoyancy of temper, which is so remarkable in his public, equally shines out in his private life. Yet his is not the equanimity of the stoic—a well trained indifference; nor that of the epicurean—the result of a refined and calculating selfishness, but it is the calm of an abiding consciousness of duty performed, of confidence in truth, and trust in God.

Standing one day on the esplanade of the Capitol at Washington, and conversing with a friend on the subject of a special Providence, he cast his eye down on the pavement, "see that stone," said he; "mark the curious varieties of that spot upon it. There is the stamp of the Deity, for some certain purpose, as plainly as in our features." "Duty is ours, events belong to God," he said, on an eventful and most trying occasion in his life. No one who might have seen him, only in the Senate, in the fierce strife of men, stern, apparently, among the sternest, could easily suppose that he would sit up all night with a child in his arms, or carry it all day before him on his saddle into the fields, or was so familiar with his children as to cast himself down when returning weary from the Senate, and place his head on his daughter's lap, bidding her tell him of the diversions and disappointments of the day and narrating his own. That to be great in little things is proverbially to be contemptible, may be the reflection of a stern, cold-blooded philosophy; but is it not the greatest greatness that which ministers most to the happiness of others?—The man of great events only is like the sword, which may rust away in its scabbard; but the every day contributor to the happiness of those around him, is like the homely sickle, whose edge grows sharper by use, and feeds the world.

In his intercourse with men, Mr. Calhoun's manners are those of his clime and section—warm, simple, frank and impressive. Of that politeness, which consists in leaving false impressions that men may be pleased with us, because he can make them pleased with themselves, he has none. His direct truthfulness leaves no room for hypocrisy. Hence, although all admire, but few, on a transient intercourse, love him. He speaks too much to the head.—He seems in his conversation to be surrounded with an atmosphere of hard thought, like a clear sky in a frosty night, and often in proportion as the head is pressed with truth, the heart is chilled.—Indeed, he can hardly be said to converse, because conversation implies an interchange of ideas.—He discourses rather, pouring out his riches of original thought, in such close language, that the attention of his hearers is often wearied, and the comprehension at fault. Whilst rapidly stringing his consequences, link after link, to a member of Congress, and seeing hesitation in his eye, he put in his usual quiet enquiry, with which his conversation is interspersed, "You understand?" "No," replied the member, relieving himself with a long sigh, "I don't understand, nor can I ever understand while you talk so closely." He once messed with a Senator in Washington, and so incessant was the operation of his mind, and so laborious the attention necessary to keep up with and comprehend his thoughts, that the Senator changed his lodgings.—On being asked why he removed, he replied, "To escape thought and Mr. Calhoun." Of course, he has no wit in conversation. Wit, if not falsehood, is too often truth in traveratie or exaggeration; and the essence of things presses too heavily on such a mind, to admit of trifling on its grave realities. He can also possess no poetry in his composition; at least, none such as men in books call poetry; yet there is a cheerful hopefulness—a burning enthusiasm for the high destinies of man, especially as connected with our forms of free Government, which never wearies in its flight through time and Nature, looking ever upward and rejoicing in its anticipated consummation, of "peace on earth and good will towards men." It is this enthusiasm—this intensity in every thing connected with our Government, which has occasioned the sneer that with him every turn of the public affairs is a "crisis." He looks to futurity as if it were present; and conscious of his mighty powers, speaks as if he grasped it. Events and the questions they evolve, press more weightily upon him than on other men, because he sees farther into their consequences. His zeal for truth; his long experience in Government, which teaches him that every movement of its complex machinery is big with indefinate after results, cannot be estimated or understood by shallow political foplings or unprincipled charlatans. The question with them, is often merely a personal one—"How shall I be affected?"—"What shall I gain?"—or it is a question of immediate effects only; for they can see no further. But, with him, the question is, the country; and what is its whole effect, immediate and remote—but especially its remote, which, like the ocean's wave, is often most fatal and violent in its recoil. This intensity and self abandonment in public affairs, has also rendered him obnoxious to the charge of being too indifferent to results, when fatal to his friends. When standing according to his conception, in the way of his public duty, he rides over them remorselessly; and great public measures seem to absorb all his private sympathies. The charge is not without truth. No man who enjoys his friendship, need expect that his private esteem and affection will control his public course; but it is not true, whatever may be external appearances, that he does not deeply deplore the loss or fall of friends. He has seemed unmoved, because he has felt himself to be the victim; and the altar at which he served, required a cheerful sacrifice. It is hard to gain, and harder still to give confidence; and to see it broken at a blow, by one fierce current of political events—dashing into collision and strife, those who once "took sweet counsel together," is indeed the most wretched of all life's experience; but can it be avoided, if the supreme principle is the country's good—The ties of friendship—the esteem of all men—life itself, we doubt not, are nothing in Mr. Calhoun's estimation, to the permanent establishment of the great principles of free government, through the mighty experiment of our Federal Constitution, for which he has lived and struggled for more than a quarter of a century. We have heard him say so, with an eye so bright and calm, and lips so firm and pale—not in crowds, or in the Senate chamber, but in the solitude of personal communion—that to doubt him, were to outrage nature and wrong our being. He has shewn too often, the spirit of the martyr, in his many reverses in public life, for any one to question his possessing it; and when he saw that the way was dark and perilous, there are many who can testify to the earnestness with which he implored his friends, if consistent with their own views of duty, to abandon him, and permit him to tread it alone. Most assuredly, he has not been more reckless of others, than of himself, in his political career.

If power, not right—distinction, not usefulness—had been his aim, who doubts, that long since, he would have obtained all that popularity could have bestowed in a Republic? But the struggle of his life has been not to use our system of Government, or lift himself by its abuses, but to save the system by reforming its abuses, and correcting its dangerous and dissolving tendencies. In pursuing this end, he has been stern to his friends and foes: and the former have probably contributed as little as the latter, in swaying his policy—Had he been otherwise, however, he might have had troops of friends, (who long since abandoned him,) while falling into the "sere and yellow leaf" of age, and have revelled in honors; but he would not have been what he is—*a man in the midst of political profligacy and corruption, fit to reform and save a great Republic.*

Our readers will easily infer from what we have said, that Mr. Calhoun is no politician in the sense the term is generally used. He neither understands how to string the wires nor to pull them. Despising intrigue and trickery of all kinds he wields but one weapon for success in his measures and ascendency in his councils, and that is, outright, downright, naked truth. Yet, it might have been fortunate for him, if, only for the purposes of defence, had he possessed more of that art, which, in public affairs, produces results, whilst affecting to be indifferent or opposed to them, secretly instigates and combines instruments and causes, and when the effect is produced, cries out—"behold the people!" All art and concealment in conducting the affairs of a Republic are contrary to its genius and spirit. Dissembling and artifice are the mean resorts of conscious unworthiness or meditated treachery to the people, and may suit courts or harems, but are not favorable to that just appreciation by the people, of publicmen, & public measures, which are absolutely necessary for their proper control. He who loves them, and confides in their capacity for self government, will deal openly and fairly with them. He will plant himself on the great principles of truth and liberty, and if he fails to convince the people that these require his policy to prevail, he will doubt his own ability to enforce them, or deprecate the unworthy sophistries which obscure them from their eyes, but he will not doubt the people.—He will wait in hope—in patience he will possess his soul. He will go down if necessary, beneath the people's wrath: confident that their sense of justice and correct appreciation of their interests and honor, will, ere long, lift him up again, and even for his humiliations they will remember him. This is statesmanship. This is true patriotism. To serve the people when the people serve you—to magnify them when they exalt you—to laud their omnipotence when their omnipotence is your glory, and their favor your crown; is an easy task, that repays sweetly in the performance.—But to dare to be right when the people are wrong, and to face them in frowns—to serve on when your services are slighted or scorned—to feel their power pressing down to your ruin, whilst bad men and bad counsels hurry them on in a career of folly and iniquity—to see that purest reward of a high ambition, ("that last infirmity of noble minds,") your good name, belied, trampled on and cursed—and yet to hold on—calmly, cheerfully, and hopefully to hold on to the truth—and hold it up and push it on, inch by inch until it moves and spreads and flames in the popular mind, and saves the land—this is statesmanship, this is true patriotism. The politician knows nothing of it, perhaps despises it. He laughs in his sleeve at the simplicity and folly of those, whom by his intrigues and measures, he may have driven into such desperate experiments on the popular intelligence.—Personal success is his principle, and expediency in all measures (excepting where professions of principle are expedient,) is his unscrupulous instrument to win his way. The statesman stands on great principles of liberty and Government, and knows no success but in their ascendency, and no reward but in the blessings they impart to the country.—Need we say to our readers that the statesman, as we have depicted him in character and fate, is John. C. Calhoun.

Such is the man we uphold for the first office in the gift of the people of these United States, whom he has served for thirty-one years consecutively in the councils of the Union. Of these services, although affording a brilliant chapter for biography, we propose to say nothing. They extend over a long space, through the most trying incidents, and stirring public events—from the last war, the declaration of which he penned, to his splendid career for the last ten years in the Senate of the United States. During so long a course of public services, of course he has committed errors; and it is possible that we are so feminine in our attachment as to love him the more for these very errors.—They bring him nearer on a level with us in our common nature, whilst his moral excellencies draw him warmly to our hearts. We uphold him for the Presidency, not merely because we admire the statesman, but because we love the man. No one who has occupied, or pretended to occupy the Presidential Chair, if our conception of his character is correct, can approach him in his domestic traits. Washington, in his personal dignity and pure moral grandeur, stood like the solitary eagle on the mountain peak. The clouds of human tenderness and passion, moved far below him. Madison was correct, amiable and kind. Monroe was blunt, yet considerate and honorable. But neither Washington, Madison, nor Monroe had children—and the hidden but gushing streams of parental love never flowed over and softened their natures. Of other living men who have occupied or aspired to the Presidency, we will say nothing, although we might say a great deal in commendation. We wish to see in the White House the same virtues which make the cottage happy. We wish to see in the Presidency those principles of morality, which bring order and peace every where actively bearing on all its duties. On these principles, not only the happiness, but the liberties of the people depend—Without them, in the high places of power and dominion, the rights and interests of the people are rendered subordinate to the ambition of unprincipled aspirants—and to gamble them away—to profess, and falsify professions—to seem to do, yet not to do—to have measures without principles, and abuses without correction, and expediency in every thing, and clear decided honesty in nothing—becomes the model of statesmanship, and the habitual but contemptible practice of public men. Republics are built on the higher virtues, and the people must have them actively engaged in the administration their affairs, or their liberties must fall. Give us honesty in our Government, and give us energy and courage to make honesty rule without being duped, and effectual in all its departments, without regard to consequences. Then, if errors are committed, errors will correct themseves. Good measures will produce all their good—and bad ones be bereft of half their evil. Confidence being lost, will once more return amongst us—confidence in our rulers, will give us confidence in each other; and an abiding sense that truth, justice, and the fear of God, reigns in our national councils will bring repose and peace to our distracted and suffering country.

From the Agriculturalist.

THE ORCHARD.

It is in the power of every one, in possession of a very small plat of ground, to have most delicious fruit. It astonishes us very much indeed, that all farmers and gardeners do not plant fruit trees, when it is know, they will bear so early, require but little land—nothing pays better for the labor; besides fruit is not only delicious to the taste, but when fully ripe, contributes both to health and the comforts of every family. Believing there is a disposition generally to pay more attention to this subject, we will give some concise directions which will be useful if put in practice.

1. *Soil and Situation.*—Almost any of the lands of the west will grow fruit trees, but some qualities are far preferable to others. A rich, sandy loam is the best, and the worst perhaps is land with a thin layer of earth, and a limestone substratum. On the latter, trees may grow fast and flourish a few years, but they cannot last long. Stiff clay is not good, unless lime or ashes and sand be put about the roots. A northern exposure in southern latitudes is thought best for every kind of trees.—The advantage is in being later in putting out in the spring, and of course there is less danger of the fruit being killed by the frost. A very high hill is a suitable location, and some kinds of fruit trees—the peach for instance, does admirably well by the water side.

2. *Time of Transplanting.*—In reference to the best season of putting out fruit tress, there is but little agreement amongst the most scientific and experienced. Success has attended both autumn and spring setting out; but our own prejudices and reason are strong in favor of the spring. We scarcely ever lost trees transplanted in the spring. Evergreens particularly must be put out in the growing stage, of nine times out of ten they will die. It is scarcely presumable trees take up nourishment to any considerable extent, where there is no circulation of sap; but if they are put out in the fall, they may loose some of the buried and severed roots, and all persons know trees put out in the winter are quite liable to be injured by the winds. The greatest advantage of fall planting is, perhaps, that it is not so busy a season as the spring. Trees planted before March, should always be tied to a strong stake.

3. *Kinds of Trees.*—By all means good varieties of trees should be obtained. It must be mortifying to the farmer or gardener, after being at the trouble of putting out an orchard, and waiting from four to ten years, and then find his trees bear little, knotty, bitter and sickley fruit, which is too often the case in the west. Good trees require no more labor or land than indifferent ones, and while the latter are a nuisance to the ground, the former yield a handsome income. As it is not convenient or practicable for every one to raise his own tress, application should be made to a Nurseryman who can be depended upon. Neither peaches, pears, nor apples can be depended upon from the seed—indeed no other kind of fruit unless it grows entirely alone. But unless the farmer has an opportunity of selecting the best kinds, and understands grafting and budding, he will find it to his interest to purchase, if he have to send hundreds of miles for the trees.

4. *Distances.*—If the farmer has plenty of land, most kinds of trees might be put forty feet asunder, so that the land could be cultivated. But under no circumstances should apple, pear or peach trees be put under twenty five feet. If they have plenty of room, the air can circulate more freely, and the land can bear the cultivation most essential to the growth of the trees.

5. *Mode of putting out Trees.*—Lay out the rows as desired, then dig pits three feet in diameter and eighteen inches deep. Have some good mould from the woods, or any well rotted manure, with about a shovel of slacked lime or old ashes thrown by each pit. Mix the ashes and manure thoroughly and sprinkle one shovel in the bottom of the pit. Then put in the tree and spread all the fibrous roots at full length. Next to the roots sprinkle a few shovels of the surface soil; then put in the balance of the compost, and press all lightly with the foot on the roots. Then fill the pit with the balance of the soil and clay that had been thrown out and press it gently down with the foot. It is important the pit should be full to prevent the water accumulating and settling about the roots and thus causing death. Great care should also be taken, that the trees are not inserted too deep. The tree never grows much, if any, till the small fibres near the surface begin to run, and if the tree is so deeply inserted that these have to come fresh from the stock, the growth will be retarded, and the stock will run considerable risk of being destroyed.

6. *After Culture.*—If the young trees become loosened from the wind or otherwise, tread them in again as soon as possible, and if a moderate quantity of old manure and ashes or lime be spaded in about the rsots every spring, so much the better. The best crops for orchards, are for potatoes, beets, turnips, cabbages, peas, beans and any short crop except oats. Any crop put in the orchard, should bear ploughing two or three times in the year. By this course the trees will grow more vigorously, bear from one to three years earlier, yield larger and better flavored fruit, and in the judgment of the writer, last much longer.

VERY COOL.—McLean, the murderer, refused the other day in Cincinnati to be sentenced by Judge Manning, on the ground that the Judge was no genteman. His honor, however, held a different opinion and sentenced him to death.—Phil. Times.

GOOD REASON.—A Secretary of State being asked by an intimate friend why he did not promote merit, aptly replied "because merit did not promote me."—Exchange paper.

The Governor of New York has refused to pardon the prize fighters.